

the phone has
not rung today
it's 6 p m
roughly

yesterday the phone rang
and a girl said
she was going to
come here
if it was ok
with me and
sure it was fine
and then the phone
rang again
and it was her and
a fellow
had joined her and
could he come too and
no it was better that
she come another
time

and so
so the phone rang
twice yesterday

gagaku

poetry will survive the
joggers
and the
poets who jog

poetry will
survive the workshops
and the poets
who group suck

poetry
will not survive
pecking orders
there will always
be pecking orders

and that is why
sweet death
will survive everything